

43  
The GOLDEN  
ARLAND

most Delightful Mirth and Merriment.  
A Variety of Excellent New SONGS.

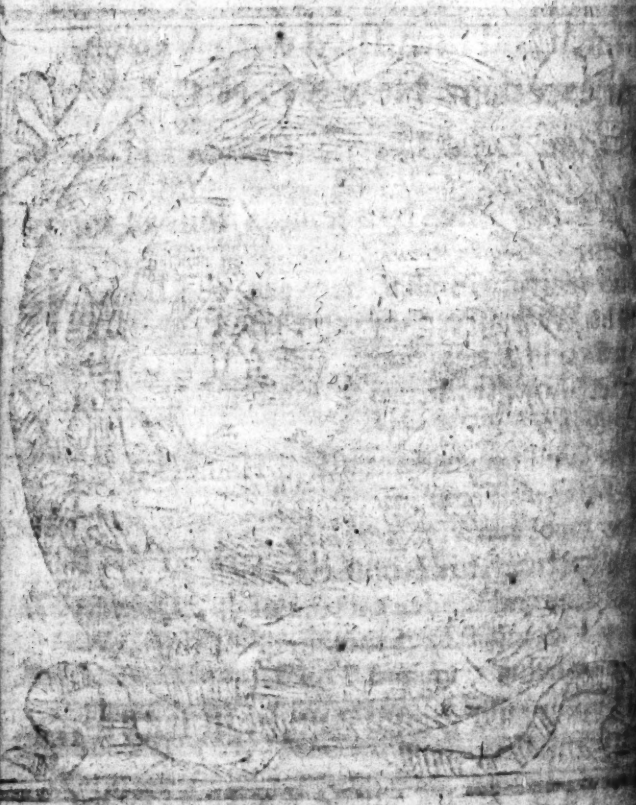


This may be Printed, R. F.  
Printed for J. Blare, on London-Bridge.

7020

# CHARLES

Printed for J. Bate, on London-Bridge,



Printed for J. Bate, on London-Bridge,

bold

birth

North

of exc

the two

the Bar

own.

the fea

this W

an Exce

fect L

Phill

the We

Shink

the Du

rather

the dea

ry : l

of l

ry

an

for

1635

T H E

# Golden Garland,

O F

Birth *and* Merriment :

forth and furnished with Variety  
of excellent New SONGS.

the two Loyal Lovers, *William* and *Sue*

the Barber bitten by a wanton Miss of the  
town.

the fearful Combat between the Barber,  
his Wife, after they came home together.

Excellent new Song, called true Lovers  
true Loyalty, betwixt kind *Coridon* and  
*Phillis*.

the Welsh-mans Fantastical Humors ; Or  
*Shinkins*'s Fegaries.

the Duel betwixt *Anthony* and his Wife,  
rather with his Noble Conquest.

the dear and tender parting of *William* and  
*Sue* : Being the Seamans Faithful Pro-  
of being true and Loyal.

---

very pleasant and delightful both for  
the City and Country.

---

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass  
on London-Bridge.

1830

THE

# Golden Garland

OF

Birth and Meritment

of excellent New SONGS

The two Loyal Lovers, William and Jane

The Bawdy bitten by a wanton Mite of the

The fearful Combat between the Bawdy

and his Wife as they came home together

An excellent new song, called the Lovers

perfect Loyalty, between kind Cowards and

The Well-mans Fanatical Fanatics, Or

The Dull bewixt Country and his Wife

The Dull bewixt his Noble Countess

The Dull and tender Prince of Wales and

The Dull and the Dull and the Dull

The Dull and the Dull and the Dull

The Dull and the Dull and the Dull

The Dull and the Dull and the Dull

The Dull and the Dull and the Dull

The Dull and the Dull and the Dull

The Dull and the Dull and the Dull





For every moment my thoughts is on thee  
Create a desire more happy to be  
To leave thee my love, let every kiss

# THE Golden Garland

Of Mirth and Pastime, Sec.

Two Loyal Lovers, William and Susan.

Tune of, *My Life and my Death.*

I met my sweet SUSAN, whom I do  
Love, and have not beheld thee this Twelve-month  
Canst thou expect to see thee again,  
How canst thou fight me with scorn and dis-  
dain:  
I wast thou but loyal, I happy should be,  
Every moment my thoughts is on thee.

## The Golden Garland.

My Love is intire to Susan my dear,  
But who wou'd haue thought to haue met her  
(thee her)

Sure Fortune afforded a labour in this,  
To send thee my jewell, let every kisse  
Create a desire, more happy to be  
For every moment my thoughts is on thee

In this my sweet Creature I place my de  
(like)

For thou art adozned with beauty so bright,  
That none can excell thee, since thou art so  
(fa)

Be kind and not cruel, for woful despair,  
May ruin thy lover, whose sorrow you see  
For every moment, &c. I is y o I ow I sh I

There's many a Damsel would faine be my  
(Bill)

young Nelly and Nancy and Sarah better,  
Ray Prudence and Dolly, beside honest Joan,  
All these I must tell ye, for me make these  
(mon)

But I am thy Captive, and cannot be free,  
Since every moment, &c.

ed blouft y q q s I, is y o I and n o n t h a w a v o d  
I pray you be quiet sweet William, she said,  
I am not a weary of lbing a Maid;

The Golden Garland

for House-keeping's Chargeable, Rent it is

(dear,

do not intend to be marry'd this year.

Take this for an answer, and keep your self

(free

And let not your fancy be fixed on me.

Should we be marry'd, we soon may enlarge

our grief with our sorrows, our trouble and

(charge,

besides I must tell you, 'tis not for a day,

Month, nor a year, but for ever and aye;

Therefore be advised, and keep your self

(free,

And let not your fancy be fixed on me.

Let none of these jealousies trouble my dear

for I will provide for thee, Love, do not fear;

dayly will by my industrious care,

provide for my jewel, no labour I'll spare;

Then prithee be loving, and let us agree,

For every moment my thoughts are on

(thee.

And though, it is true, we may have no great

(store,

yet if we can but keep the wolf from the

(door,

1230 The Golden Garland.

What I do earn, for I'll carefullly save  
And doing of this love, what more would I have  
But to live in love, and likewise Unity,  
For all my delights are now fixed on thee.

Now when he had told her his honest intent,  
She could not deny him, but gave her consent  
Their love in abundance they freely reveal,  
Though once she deny'd him, at length she did  
To be his most tender and dear loving  
(spouse,  
With many sweet kisses they sealed their  
(vow.

The Barber fitted by a Wanton Miss of the  
Town.

To the Tune of, The Country Farmer.

O Did you not hear of a Barber of late,  
When walking abroad how he pickt up a  
It was I must tell you a Girl of the Game,  
But yet I declare it, I know not her name.

The Golden Garland.

1081

was a ranging along in the street,  
this jolly Barber he chanced to meet,  
he did proffer to give her a treat,  
now you shall hear how he met with  
(cheer)  
to the Tavern they went in all haste,  
of good Wine he resolved to taste,  
his wife was array'd in her Silks and per-  
(tune,  
Drawer he shew'd them a large upper  
(room  
Barber he then with a noble grace,  
then to call for Canary a pace,  
while his kind Wife he began to embrace,  
yet he was soon in a sorrowful case.  
Barber resolving to show himself great  
call'd up the Drawer to bring up some  
(Plate,  
bankard was brought, and then fill'd to  
(with Wine,  
then they went on in their jovial de-  
(ign:  
this was a Liquor which he did adore,  
Barber began for to rant and to rore,  
Wife she did ply him with brimmers  
(good store,  
when all was out he still call'd for more.  
Wine was so strong it got into his head,  
ere it was night he must needs go to bed,  
With

With his preciousewel, the top of his  
He freely declar'd they were husband and

Therefore to his Lodging he posted away,  
Which was the next Chamber most gallant

To sleep with his Wife till the Morning

But she had another fine project to play.

The Barber no sooner was laid in his bed,  
But all his whole senses was perfectly bet  
Now, now is the time, to replenish my stock  
While he is a sleeping as fast as a Rock;  
Then out of the bed the straightwasp a

Resolving to take all the bell of his Cloak  
His Money, the Tankard, then down ran

And where he is gone now there's no body

Next Morning he finding himself all alone,  
He sigh'd and lamenting made pitiful moan  
He found he had lost all the bell of his suit,  
His Money and likewise the Tankard too

The Barber was then in a pitiful fear.  
For now he was rid'd it well did appear.



The Golden Garland.

He knew not what course in the world he  
(should take,  
his sorrow must certainly bring up the rear.

He never before was so serv'd in his life,  
as, he was forced to lend for his wife,  
to bring him some money to pay for the loss  
and thus the poor Barber he met with a cross  
The barber was noble, both gallant & great,  
but now he hath paid for his drinking in  
(plate;  
let all other shavers be warn'd by his fate  
lest you should be sorry when it is too late.



The fearful Combat between the Barber  
and his Wife, after they came home  
together.

To the Tune of, A Jobb for a Journey-man-  
Shoemaker.

The Barber coming home at last,  
his wife did much displease him;  
after some few hours past,  
he thus began to tease him;  
You with your Girls can come abroad,  
and freely spend your treasure,

but

# 1937 The Golden Garland.

But I poor Soul must lye at home,  
and have no peace or pleasure.

Then presently I understand,  
where there was a fearful Battle,  
She took the Lable in her hand,  
and made his bones to rattle:  
The Barber knew not what to say,  
for the ruin'd was and routed,  
In this most sad and bloody fray,  
about the room he scouted.

Sometimes we tug'd him by the Ear,  
affording him no pity,  
The Barber then with bitter tears,  
and with this doleful cry,  
O pardon me, and spare my life,  
that it may be amended,  
I never more will wrong my wife,  
thou shalt not be offended.

But this, alas, would not avail,  
she laid her bloody finger,  
His courage she resolv'd to quell,  
and soon became his killer:  
You lost your Cloaths and Money too,  
and thus she did beleave him,

You

The Golden Oarland, 1035

A Rascal I will make you, and  
and then a bang we gave him.

He with the Ladle broke his head,  
and down the blood did trickle,  
he looked then as almost dead,  
in this most fearful pickle;  
then falling down upon his knees,  
said he, my dearest jewel,  
never more will thee displease,  
sweet Wife be not so cruel.

I can but thy favour gain,  
my dear I will adore thee,  
thy company I will refrain,  
and there is none before thee;  
shall ever be by me prefer'd,  
then pitiesh don't deny me;  
in thee alone I have regard,  
my dearest do but try me.

Well, if I pardon you, said he,  
and end this cruel quarrel,  
then you shall buy and give to me  
a Suit of new Apparel;  
The Barber then with hat in hand,  
unto his Wife stood cringing,

And

1436 The Golden Garland.  
And yielding to her full demand,  
to buy hoods, lace, and fringing.

Play was she not a loving Wife,  
of tender pure affection,  
Who caused him to mend his life,  
by giving him correction?  
Now she has brought him to her bow,  
to him a place is given,  
And in the Hen-peck'd Frigate go,  
to sail to Cucold's Haven.

An excellent new Song, called, True Lovers  
perfect Loyalty, betwixt kind Corydon  
and Fair Phillis.

Tune of, O Mother Roger, &c.

As I was near a Bower walking,  
in a morning fresh and gay,  
There I heard two Lovers talking,  
and the young-man thus did say,  
Love those glances from thine eyes,  
All my senses does surprise;

The Golden Garland. 1037

More if thou shouldst devise,  
me to tyrannize,  
heart will then be wounded sure,  
is thou alone can kill or cure.

Beheld a fairer creature,  
the Shades than thee I le now;  
the Honey is not sweeter  
in those kisses you allow;  
sweet and pleasant smile,  
the sorrows does beguile;  
when thou dost send a frown,  
it does clearly cast me down,  
heart will then be wounded sure,  
is thou, &c.

Up this fair and pleasant River,  
your little Lambs will feed;  
where we will endeavour  
true love still to proceed;  
true and loyal Swain,  
attend the Flowry Plain,  
thy servant will remain,  
I requite me with disdain,  
why my love is chaste and pure,  
is thou alone can kill or cure.

**The Golden Garland.**

I oftentimes in Dreams behold thee,  
with a thousand pleasant Charms,  
Ah! and likewise do in fold thee,  
in the Circuits of my Arms:  
But when waking from this dream,  
In a far and worse extreame,  
I am wounded when I see  
My unhappy Destiny,  
For why my love is chaste and pure,  
'Tis thou alone must kill or cure.

Why then said he my dearest jewel,  
listen here to what I say,  
I can never be so cruel,  
thus to cast my life away:  
We will not disputing stand,  
Here I give thee Heart and hand,  
No, no, make the least delay,  
But appoint a Wedding day:  
To thee my love is linked fast,  
Now as long as life does last.

No sooner had his Love consented  
to the Bands of Loyalty,  
But he was himself contented,  
both rejoyc'd exceedingly:  
Farewell all those clouds of grief,  
He at length had found relief:



The Golden Garland:

193

That fair Pimple that gave the wound,  
Now at length his joys has Crown'd;  
For now her heart is linked fast,  
To love as long as life shall last.

The Welsh-man's Fantastical Humours; Or,  
Ap Rhinkins Egaries.

To the Tune of, The thundering Cannons.

Here was our Wellshman came to Town,  
A Paper-sculled Tangle Crown,  
One of his Humours I'll set down,  
And this the first Relation;  
The Jack-a-dandy he will sit,  
He goes his Pat, but all his wit,  
To declare, he is not fit  
For common Declaration.

You'll believe her tale Tally,  
He is a Gentleman of Wales,  
Since her means and substance tallied,  
He is become a Waller.

**The Golden Garland.**

Had you not heard the Lyons roare,  
Else the Bears on Southwark Shore,  
Wasse hur Welsh blood, hur will be moyst,  
an inch hur will not fall hur.

Though hur is now to ruin run,  
By spending all, and thus undone,  
Yet hur was Shon ap Morgans Son,  
His known hur had no other;  
I pray you now attend and see,  
Hur fathers worthy Pedigree,  
Was of an ancient family,  
ap-Shinkin was hur Brother.

And for his ancient worthy name,  
Young Shinkin now bears up the same,  
And likewise hur to London came,  
which prob'd hur utter ruine,  
By libing here at such a rate,  
Like to a Gentleman so great,  
Hur wasted all hur whole Estate,  
this probed hur undoing.

O now poo! Shinkin's held in scorn,  
Although hur was so Noble born,  
Hur now alas! is quite forlorn,  
hur cannot Kant nor High;

The Golden Garland.

1897

Since her has consum'd her Cole,  
cannot feed on Pig nor fowle,  
yet of Robin-Runa the Holoz,  
must have meaner dyet.

Shinkin all along did looke  
and find hur out a Boyling-Cook,  
for hee how Shinkin was mistooke,  
he did suppose a Barber.  
He a Boyling-Cook, I trow,  
cause upon his Pole you know  
the Dishes they hang in a Row,  
our straight went in for harbour.

hope there was good dyet here  
as the truth does well appear,  
the Barber did prepare his Chair,  
and hisse his Balls and Bason:  
Shinkin being in the place  
the Barber in a little space  
to rub and wash his face  
then with speed did hasten

from hur then he did prepare  
Welch-man he began to stare  
to speake he did not care  
the cleasipels did win her

10421 The Golden Garland  
But when hur see the Razor brought,  
Hur then began to change hur note,  
Cots-plut, what will hur cut hur throat,  
before her eat her Dinner.

Hur Welchman than began to roar  
And fraight way getting out of doo;  
Hur never will come there no more  
although hur should be starved.  
The Barber laughed then out right,  
As trulp very well he might,  
To see the Welchman in a fricht  
her will not be so serbed.

---

The Deal betwixt Anthony and his Scolding  
Wife; together with his noble Conquest.

To the tune of *The two English travellers*

Was ever poor Man so perplext with a trill  
as I bonny Anthony, since I was wed;  
He never will let me have my belly full,  
for ere I have sup'd, I must hasten to bed.

# The Golden Gauntlet 1073

else she'll begin for to scold and to brawl,  
 calling me Whittal, nay Cuckold and all;  
 she with her Tongue must trouble it about,  
 till I in my Bennel must there shoue it out.

once did but go for to drink with a friend,  
 but she in a trice then did fetch me away,  
 Two-pence a piece, and no more did  
 (spends  
 and yet it did prove a most terrible fray.

she flew in my face and called me Fool,  
 then Combed my Head with a Three-legged  
 Stool;  
 and furnish'd my face with so many Scratches,  
 that for a whole Month it was cover'd with  
 Scratches.

every Penny I got in the day,  
 to keep her at quiet, I give her at night,  
 else she will license her Tongue then to play  
 for two or three hours far worse then a lay.

up into the Cupboard Peel-garlick must be,  
 look for the Crusts that are mouldy and dry:  
 then steep them in skim-milk until they are wet,  
 commonly this is the Supper I get.

Ray

1644 The Golden Garland.

May once in a quarter, for sweet fashion sake,  
 We'll then giue me leaue for to lye in her bed;  
 But I must be sure for to lye broad awake,  
 lest she in her humours knock me on the head.

But as for the Bed which I lye on my self,  
 It is full as soft as an old Daken Shelf;  
 The Ticks she did make it of parse hempen furde,  
 And yet for all that I must giue her good worde.

We usually pist in a Pan e'ry night,  
 the Cullender hapied to stand in the place,  
 She put me into a most pitefull plight,  
 It run all about both my stomach and face.

I told her Sweet Wife, you are the best of,  
 She called me Corcomb, and told me I ly'd;  
 How can it run o'er before it is come  
 So near to the top as the length of my Thumbe.

A Cudgel of holly I then did prepare,  
 then lawfull correction to her I did giue,  
 When she cry'd out, I pist her forbear,  
 I ne'r with my Pleasants offend while I liue.

I made her forsake all her Coppinging Court,  
 and thus I hate handsonely turned the spout  
 For



The Golden Garland.

1945

now it is husband, may how dost thou do,  
as before it was Cuckold and Rogue to my  
(face,  
thus I must tell you I conquer'd a Shrew,  
made her to buckle and bend to my bow,  
formerly lib'd at much variance and strife,  
now we enjoy a more peaceable life.

A dear and tender parting of William and  
Betty: Being the Seamans faithful promise  
of being true and Loyal.

To the Tune of, The Country Farmer.

A pretty sweet Betty, lo here is my hand,  
I now am for sailing and leaving the Land;  
wither my dearest take this not amiss,  
let me enjoy of thee one loving kiss:  
purest affection I mean to maintain,  
when I return from the blustering Main,  
thou shalt receive all the profit and gain,  
pretty sweet creature, then cease to complain.

My cyplings is gesealous, alas to my ear,  
shall I be able to part with my dear,  
oh bolts of sighs from my heart I shall send,  
think of those perils that daily attend, (those  
oh when thou art many leagues from the

3a

1046. The Golden Garland.

In storms and in tempests, when Billows  
My fear will be that I shall ne'r see thee more,  
Sweet William whom I do so dearly adore.

Let none of those jealousies trouble thy mind,

I fear not but Fortune to me will prove kind,

For why, I have used the Seas from my youth,

Therefore by experience, I know of a truth,

It Heav'n is pleased our Vessel to steer,

Though Billows be roaring, yet there is no fear,

We have as much safety as those that are here,

Therefore my sweet jewel be thou of good cheer,

Though we are divided, I always will prove,

Both faithful and loyal, and true to my love,

Though to foreign Nations abroad I must come,

Yet many fine presents to thee I'll bring home,

I to the East-Indies a Voyage must take,

When here is my King, I would have you to take

And also to keep it close, safe for my sake,

In token I never my promise will break,

And now my dear love I must bid thee adieu,

Our Captain and Bouson, and all the Ship's crew

Are ready for sailing, and I must away,

Which thee I dare trespass no longer to stay,

Well, if thou art going, the Damsel reply'd,

The Heavens protect thee and still be thy guide,

And guard thee my jewel, from dangerous seas,

And bring thee in safety home into my arms.

FINIS.